A Black Politician.

On a bright June morning in the year 1811, ake Petaquamscut, in old Narragansett. Cuddymonk was a negro; but a Narragansett negro was, at that date, of far from being a despised one, typical Narragansett negro-African voodooism and Indian He was profoundly learned in

He was a good cobbler, a fair tinker, a poor mason, a worse carpenter, a first-class | bled into the house. he proudly answered, "I'se er pollertishun." He was indeed a politician, for he had held the highest political position that his State and race afforded; he had thrice been elected "Black Gov'nor" of Narragansett neither. He had been elected just as white Governors frequently are elected nowodays -because he was a politician. His office, however, bore no salary and but few emolettlement of many small disputes among his black brothers, and his decision was law. His office thus had also a certain power, and commanded some respect among the white people, who through him could obtain small settlements and adjustments, and arrange many matters in their relations with the negroes, without the trouble of personal effort. Cuddy had the honor of having many of his legal decisions and political aphorisms and his abstruse financial pinions quoted at the white Governor's table, where they had been received with much laughter, and some praise, also, for

His election had been a scene of great festivity. On the third Saturday in June which Nigger 'Lection was always held) there gathered in the great oak grove on Rose hill the black inhabitants, riding on saddles and pillions, in chaises and farm wagons, in oxcarts even-men, womteerin'" had roused great interest in the event, and at last the two rows of the male friends of the respective candidates were charge of two pompous marshals, while the women stood admiringly around. Cudmounted on Colonel Gardiner's ray horse, and wearing a fine coat and knee breeches that had been given him by the Colonel, with a great borrowed gold-laced cocked hat balanced on the back of his head, rode up and down the line flourishing a long sword that had been lent him order, that no one might change ranks after the counting began, or step from one end of the line to the other, and thus fraudulently increase the number of votes. of votes and successful candidate was announced. Cuddymonk's election was received with tumultuous cheers and congrat-

Only one event occurred to mar the dig-nity of this first election. As he was about to end his inaugration address with a glori-ous flourish and climax of ornate rhetoric his defeated opponent called out in a high, malicious voice, "Cuddy, yer calfs has got round in front:" Cuddy glanced down at his legs with apprehensive mortification. Alas! it was too true. Colonel Gardiner had given with the knee breeches a pair of his fine long stockings; but as he was as sturdy and muscular as Cuddy was thin, tive calf and convex shin" (as said Ran-dolph of Virginia) than have most of his race, the Colonel's stockings hung in unsightly folds that Cuddy's wife, Rosann, remedied by thrusting into each stocking eg a great roll of sheep's wool. In the heat of "parmenteerin"," and through con-stant friction against his horse's sides, Cuddy's woolen calves had indeed "got round in front." In vain did he try, amid the jeers of his opponents, to replace the unsightly wads in a dignified and proper position; they refused to stay placed, and for the rest of the day, at the dinner and at the dance, the false calves hung in front and under his sharp old knees, looking for all the world, in the gray, wrinkled stock-ings, like a pair of hornets' nests under the

of his position old Cuddymonk was of the aristocracy of Narrangansett black society. He was also an aristocrat by birth. The blood of African kings ran in his veins, and a strong cross of Indian blood, that of old King Ninigret, showed in his high cheek bones and coarse, black hair. His skin, too, was far from black. As he sat in the clear sunlight on this May morning, his bare feet and hands and face were of a uniform glowing golden-brown color, as rich and cheerful, though not as orangetinted as a ripe pumpkin. The appearance of his head was, also, most unlike the wool-covered, low browed, heavy-jawed cranium of a negro; for his half-curly, coarse hair grew on the back part of his head only, and stuck out in a great stiff, surrounding halo. The top and sides of his head being thus left bare gave to him the appearance of having an extraor-dinarily high and brain-developed forehead; and altogether these peculiarities caused him to bear a comical cranial resemblance both to the noble Shakspeare and a blue-haired, ring-crowed baboon. His teeth and eyeball showed the brilliant, glittering white of the negro, not at all like the dingy black snags and reddish, inflamed eyeballs seen in the Indian, He wore a collarless and rather ragged white shirt, an ancient and much worn longblue coat' with brass buttons, the Colonel Gardiner to fitly and gloriously attire him upon his election as "Gov'nor. But the garment having served through three terms of office (to say nothing of the many years it had faithfully covered the Colonel's back), was now degraded to every-day wear. Cuddy was also clad in a shapeless pair of loose yellowish tow trousers called "tongs," that bore strong evidence not only of home spinning and weaving, but of home tailoring as well, if such unsightly great linen bags could be caid to be tailored.

Cuddy regarded with much satisfaction a row of dilapidated beehives that stood by his door, whose busy inhabitants furnished his door, whose busy inhabitants furnished to him the toothsome honey he so dearly loved, and which he could so readily and profitably sell when he could "spare" it. He looked with equal pride on a row of thriving okra plants, whose long green pods would in midsummer make for him such succulent and nourishing soups and would also be sliced into delicate, pale green six-rayed stars and displayed for weeks in his small domain, through sunny, windless days when the starry wafers would not be blown away on window sills and door stones and shed tops and stone walls, drying for his own winter use and to carry ing for his own winter use and to carry to Newport to sell. His only other crop was represented by a freshly turned plot of earth—a potato field, which he had

planted the previous day.

Cuddymonk stretched himself with delight in the sunshine and thus spoke to his wife, Rosann, a gay-turbaned old woman, who was twice as fat and twice as black who was twice as fat and twice as black as he was:

"I tell ye, Rosann, 'tatoes an' honey an' okra is a tousan' times better'n pigs; ye don' have ter feed 'em an' tend 'em an' watch 'em eaten theirselves up. Dey jiss grows an' grows for nothin'. Et more folks growed 'tatoes an' okra in diss country times'd be better'n dey is."

Possen did not answer him she seldom Tolks growed tatoes an para in this country times'd be better'n dey is."

Rosann did not answer him, she seldom did; and now her attention was called to a horse and rider that had turned from the main road and were advancing up the narrow lane that led to Cuddy's house. Mounted visitors were not frequent at Cuddy's humble home, even on gubernatorial business, and when he and Rosann torial business, and when he and Rosann saw that the horseman was no less a person than Constable Cranston, of North Kingston, they stared in open-mouthed amazement. No less amazed were they when the sheriff aunounf d his errand—

No less amazed were they when the sheriff aunounf d his errand—

Table to the time of the would only pay over part of the five dollars he would need no jail comforts. Still the old man was persistent in his determination; he had started to go to jail, and to jail he would go.

"I aln't agoin' ag'inst de course ob de law. It 'ud he a pretty scandal fer de gub'nor not ter go ter jail when he 'rested. Set ebberybody a bad edsample. I'se er law-erbidin' cutterzman, an 1 se go,a' ter 'bey de law eb de lan'. B'sides, Rosann Metzger & Co., sole agents. Tel. 477.

that he had come to arrest the gov'nor for debt. Suit had been brought against him and judgment rendered, and his arrest was sopher and many another politician, was careless and even tricky in business mat-

ters, and had been accused by both black and white neighbors of "never paying fer nothing if he could help it." That he should have been arrested for this special debt nounced it as keen injustice. He thus pro-"Mass' Cranston, yer don't know what

yer a-doin'. I don't owe ole man Hazard nothin'. Yer see, it was jess like dis. I say ter him, 'I mus' hab er pig ter raise.' He say ter me, 'Take one ob mine;' an' he press me ter take it, kase it's a runtlin', an' he's afeard it'll die. An' Rosann, she knows how to mother runtlin's, so I takes der pig. An' I say, 'Ole man Hazard, I pay you free dollar ob de money I sit for der pig.' He say, 'All right, Cuddy.' Now, I don't nebber git no money fer dat pig. I buy de corn ter feed der pig of Peleg Brown; an' when I kill de pig an' take him ter Peleg ter sell, he don't come ter ser much as de corn he eat. I t'ink he shrink kase I kill him in de decrease ob de moon. So I nebber got nothin' fer de pig, so in course I don't owe ole man Hazard nothin'. I ain't got no money ter pay wid, anyway. tell ye, Mass' Cranston, times nebber'll be good in dis country till corn a pistareen a bushel an' pork a pistareen a pound. Den de pore man'll hab some chance.'

Mr. Cranston knew old Cuddy too well to allow him to proceed into the discussion of political economy; and he interrupted the gov-nor, saying, with much gravity, that the law must take its course, nor could the execution of justice be delayed; that since Cuddy could not pay, he must come at once with him to jail. The negro rose cheerfully, saying, as he hob-

"Wal, ef I mus' go I mus'; but de exer-tootion ob justice'll hab ter move mighty slow atakin' ole Cuddy ter jail. I'se got der rheumatiz so I can't hardly walk. I'se dat bad I t'inks I mus' be witch-rid by ole Tuggie Bannocks. Dat's why dat pig eat ser much corn kase she conjured him. Times nebber'll be good in dis country whiles dey don't hang ole witches like Tug-gië Bannocks. Hitch yer hoss ter de buttonwood tree ar' come in an' set down while I'se packin' up, an' Rosann 'll cook ye some early 'tatoes. Run out an' git some of our first crap, Sanna. "Early potatoes," exclaimed Mr. Cranston, "at this time of the year."

"Yis, I'se a fust-rate farmer, ef I ain't

much on pig raisin'. I allays has fine

early 'tatoes, de fust yer see anywheres. Rosann appeared with her apron full of the freshly planted potatoes that, negro fashion, he had planted whole, and that had spent a few hours only on Cuddy's farm; and as the sheriff refused to allow her to cook them for him she placed them upon a blanket in the center of the floor, upon which she and Cuddy were accumulating the articles that the negro wished increased. Old coats and shirts, a feather

to the contents of the blanket.

"Come, come," said the sheriff; "you can't take all that along with you. How are you going to carry it?" "I guess you'll hab ter tote it for me, Mass' Cranston, I'se dat bad wid de rheu-

bargained for. This arrest of old Cuddy was more than half a joke, and was done at the instigation of several farmers who hoped thus to obtain some satisfaction for the many debts Cuddy had argued and twisted himself out of paying. They had all fancied that the terrified politician would gladly pay over the three dollars at once, as it was well known that Rosann had a good stockingful of silver dollars hidden under the hearthstone—and one of her stockings full of silver was well worth having. The constable was on his way to attend to other and more pressing duties, and had but little time to spend over this arrest; much less did he wish to ride to Kingston jail carrying a great pack of Cuddymonk's clothing and possessions be-hind him. He told Rosann to remove half of the articles from the blanket, and a long and wordy argument with the gov'nor arose over every relinquished treasure, ending in the constable's complete rout when he attempted to leave the foot stove behind, and to pour the flaxseed out of the boots. "I can't do dat, noway," said Cuddy; "it'll spoil deir shape of I don' keep flaxseed in 'em, an' I'se afeard I can't get none in jail." At the end of half an hour the blanket with its contents was rolled into a great, irregular, unwieldy bundle and

strapped on the horse's back.

The man of law mounted his horse, and with his prisoner passed slowly down the narrow lane and through the rocky cross-road under the feathery pale green foliage and sweet-scented pink and white blossoms of the graceful locust trees that form such a glory in early summer by all the roadsides throughout sunny Narragansett. Flickering patches of glowing sunlight fell through the clusters of peachy locust blos-soms on the stone walls and hedgerows that were a great, luxuriant, tangled gar-den of faintly perfumed wild flowers. The leaves of sweetbrier and bayberry sent out a pungent, spicy odor that mingled with the vapid and cloying sweetness of the lo-cust blossoms. Great fields of clover and of flowering buckwheat wafted their fresh balm in little puffs of pure sweetness that routed the combined fragrance of locust, bayberry and brier. Thousands of bees hummed over the sweet, sunny fields and in the fragrant, flowering branches-Cuddy's own bees gathering for him the lusclous honey he loved. Singing birds flew lightly and warbled softly around. The tropical blood of the old negro fairly glowed with the sense of light and perfume and melody and warmth, and he laughed aloud with sensuous delight as if the road to jail lay through paradise.

He hobbled painfully, however, even in the warm sunlight, and he frequently sat down on a sunny stone to rest his rheudown on a sunny stone to rest his rheumatic old bones; but his tongue never
ceased wagging, and he poured forth to
the constable a flood of political, ethical,
physical, legal, spiritual, meteorological,
thaumaturgical and medical advice, and
also a complete local history of past events
in Narragansett, A flame of youth and
memory and happiness seemed kindled by
the glorious summer day in his heart and
brain though his poor body was too stiff brain, though his poor body was too stiff and worn to renew also its activity and

At last he said, smilingly, to the constable: "Mass' Cranston, ef you'll go de ribber road an' wants ter let me stop ter Kernel Gardiner's I kin git some money; he owes me five dollar for honeycomb."
Gladly did Sheriff Cranston consent, though Colonel Gardiner's house was two miles out of the way, for he saw now a prospect of release from his cumbersome charge. "Here, Cuddy," he said, "we sha'nt get to the Colonel's for two hours at this rate-you talk so much and walk so little. You get up and ride and I'll walk for a while, then we shall get along

The old negro, with the constable's assistance, mounted and smiled with delight; for he loved a horse, as do all of his race. A gleam of humor twinkled in his eye as he urged on the sturdy sorrel, a half-blooded Narragansett pacer, until she am-bled along at a rate that forced the constable to walk at an uncomfortably rapid and perspiring pace. Nor was Mr. Cranston altogether comfortable mentally. He winced several times in his progress at the laughing inquiries and jeers of the farmers that he saw in the field or passed in the road; and the shouts of the district school children at the "Corner," who chanced to be "out at recess" as the Black Gov'nor and his white footrunner coursed along, made him keenly conscious that the dignity of the law was not fully preserved, either in his hurrying, panting figure or in the grotesque appearance of short-legged Cuddy. For the Narragansett pacer, like others of her race, was phenomenally broadbacked; and Cuddy's short, stiff legs, clad in their unsightly, flapping tow tongs, stuck out at an absurd angle, showing a long expanse of skinny, bare ankles that looked like yellow turkey legs; and the enormous, uncurried leather shoes that he had donned, in which to walk in comfort to fail, looked twice as large as ever in that prominent position. The constable had an uneasy suspicion that Cuddy had re-tained his tow tongs and long-tailed coat and had put on his old satin brass-buckled stock and red woolen comforter and great moth-eaten fur cap—the worst clothes he had in the world—in order to look as ridiculous as possible, and thus guy his captor. But the cheerful yellow countenance of the prisoner bore not a trace of any possibility of ever cherishing a sinister de-

When they reached the great gambrel-roofed house of Colonel Gardiner the negro dismounted and entered. He soon reappeared, saying cheerfully, "I'se got de money, Mass' Cranston. "Hurry up, then, and give me the three dollars," said the constable, impatiently.

I want to get off." "The negro stared in astonishment: "I "The negro stared in astonishment: "I ain't agoin' ter spen' dat honey money dat way-payin' fer ole dead pig I don' owe nothin' fer. I'se goin' ter keep it ter be comferable in jail wid. Didn' yer hear Rosann say, 'Keep comferable, Cuddy?' Dat's why I brung de foot stove fer."

The constable was wild with indignation and disgust. He had gone two miles out of his way-painfully running and perspiring while his prisoner rode at ease—and now he was furtner from the end of and now he was further from the end of

she say she t'inks I get red ob my rheu-matiz' in jall. Ole Tuggie Bannocks can't get me out nights ter witch-ride me." vising. Mr. Cranston was puzzled. He could less could he hurry him, and the time to perform other and more important duties was close at hand. At last, completely baffled and conquered, he suddenly exclaimed: "Here, Cuddymonk, I've had enough of this; take your bundle; I'll pay your debt to old

Hazard, and the costs, too. "Mass' Cranston, is dat de way yer does yer duty? I'se agoin' ter jail ef I hab ter walk dere alone, an' tell de jedge dat de constable run off an' leff me. I ain't no runmagadore. I'se goin' in de cause ob de right. You'se 'rested me, an' I'se agoin' ter stay 'rested. I nebber see a jail anyway, an' wants ter see one. Times nebber'll be good in dis country till boff people an' rulers knows all erbout de instertootions ob de

Again did the bailled sheriff explain and expostulate and seek to rouse in Cuddy a sense of pride and dread of shame. "It's most time for 'lection day, Cuddy. You'll never be elected again if you go to jail. They'll never want a rogue for gov'nor." "'Cause de gov'nor am a rogue this year ain't no sign de next one won't be," answered wise Cuddy. And when the constable had straightened out Cuddy's ambiguous thought, he said to himself that black politics were much like white. "I can't see why all you blacks are so dishonest and tricky."
"Why, Mass' Cranston" jured but unresentful air), "dey has ter

be-dey so kep' down. It all de fault ob dat unrageous ole George Washin'ton. When he a-dyin' he roll his eyes an' say 'Forebber keep de nigger down'—an' it take a hundred years to work out a dyin' This astounding piece of post-mortem news about the Father of his Country was new to the constable, though it was commonly believed by negroes then as now. He answered Cuddy severely and

"Who told you that nonsense? It's no

reason, anyway. There is no need for any nigger to be dishonest unless he wants to." "Now, Mass' Cranston, dis's jess de way I looks at it. Times nebber'll be good in dis country till tings is fixed an' proput-ty's divided so no one can't be poor; den no one can't be dishonest, cause ef dey has plenty dey won't want ter be." The constable felt that it was useless to argue further with such a philosopher, and rode on for some time in slience; then he desperately exclaimed: "Cuddy, what'll you take to go home again? I can't bother any longer with you. I've got to go to Wickford to-night, and you can't walk

and thoughtfully and sighed deeply, as though abandoning with keen regret a dearly loved and cherished plan; then

dey so say de best charm eber seed ter bring good luck forebber is ter look at a bring good luck forebber is ter look at a constable a-dancin' ober runnin' water. Now, here's de bridge an' a good dancin' floor. I'll hole de hoss an' sing 'Old Charmany Fair,' an' you dance, ter bring good luck ter me in de 'lection next week. Den I s'pose I'll hab ter gib up going ter jail dis time just ter please yer."

The constable was stunned by this audacious and fairly insulting proposition; but, being thoroughly convinced that Cuddy was half demented, he thought it better to yield at once to the stubborn negro's conyield at once to the stubborn negro's condition, and thus save his precious and much-wasted time. He jumped from his horse and angrily yanked off Cuddy's blankeetful of jail equipage and threw it on the ground. He glanced apprehensively up and down the road to see that there was no approaching traveler to spread the tale of his ridiculous discomfiture and abject submission, and then walked to the middle of the bridge and began to sullenly dance to Cuddy's lively and rollicking dance tune. The jolly song and dismal jig were nearly ended when a most surprising and inexplicable event took place. The constable's sedate and quiet horse gave a sud-den snort, reared, broke away from Cud-dy's restraining hand and plunged violently "Stop her! Stop her, Cuddy!" roared Mr. Cranston, as he suddenly stopped his forced

"I ain't agoin' ter run none after dat ole

dance and began to run.

hoss, said Cuddy; "I'se got de rheumatiz' too bad. You jess see ef you can't run faster as you can dance. You can't catch her, dough," he called after the retreating sheriff. "I know she's conjured by de way she run. It always do conjure a hoss to see a constable a dancin' ober runnin' water."

As the constable shouted "Whoa!" at the top of his lungs and chased wildly down the hill out of sight, Cuddy walked to the side of the bridge and threw into the water the long, sharp locust thorn that had done such sly and good execution as a spur, as a "conjure" to the sheriff's steed. Then he sat down by the side of his blanket bundle in the hot noonday sunlight, and he took out his fiddle and scraped and sawed to the bees, and birds, and butterflies like a jolly yellow Pan. And he chuckled, and laughed, and whispered, and sung, and once he jumped up and danced through "Old Charmany Fair" with a brisk vigor that put to shame the unwilling and clumsy efforts of the constable, and made the tow tongs and the blue coattails snap and flap around his shriveled old yellow legs. It was certainly most astonishing to see such agility and activity in a man so aged, and in one so rheumatic and so witch-ridden an hour pre-viously. At last a passing farm wagon picked him up and carried him and his great bundle to his own door.

As Cuddymonk replanted his early potatoes the following morning, he once more sollloquized to his wife: "I tell you, Rosann, dat ole fool ob a Cranston won't nebber 'rest me fer debt no more. I ain't goin' to raise no more pigs, anyway, even ef I does get 'em somewhat cheap. 'Tatoes is better'n pigs. Times nebber'll be good in dis country till ebbery-body stops raisin' pigs an' plants 'tatoes; dat's de true secret ob dis pollitercul crists ob dis land."

-Alice Morse Earle, in the Independent. MASSAGE IN PNEUMONIA.

An Important Medical Discovery in Cincinnati Times-Star.

A regular practitioner of Natchez, Miss., has recently contributed a paper to the New York Medical Record, in which he makes clear the decided benefit to be derived from "manipulation" in cases of severe coughs, even in cases severe enough to assume the dreaded form of pneumonia. The doctor who contributes the paper does not employ the terms the public would employ under similar circumstances in describing the treatment. Possibly a dread of the censure of his professional brethren deters him from the use of a term employed by men who do not recognize the ployed by men who do not recognize the code of ethics which the Natchez doctor perforce recognizes. "Manipulation" is the word Dr. Metcalfe, of Natchez, uses. "Massage" is the word any newspaper writer would employ, and by it the public would better understand what was meant.

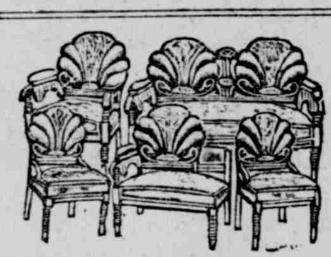
Dr. Metcalfe speaks of the treatment after twenty-five years of laborious observations. He says: "I have reached a point where I do not dread as formerly to encounter a case of pneumonia, nor does a hacking case of pneumonta, nor does a backing cough in a consumptive patient alarm me. An asthmatic struggling for breath and the An asthmatic struggling for breath and the patient with bronchitis that keeps one awake all night do not deter me from promising relief in half an hour, so that the former can lie down to rest, and the latter pass the day and night without any distressing cough." The writer of the paper insists that much of a cough with its attendant evils is external rather than integral is a the exciting cause is in the ternal, i. e., the exciting cause is in the muscular surroundings of the bronchial tubes and lungs rather than in the tubes and lungs. In an experience running through twenty-five years he has found that the promptest way to diagnose a case of pneumonia and to enable the sufferer to throw off the poisonous mucus, clogging the lung cells, was by the manipulation of those parts affected, the muscular parts about the lungs. The relief of coughs that seem confined to the throat has also been effected in the same way. As proof of the seem confined to the throat has also been effected in the same way. As proof of the truth of his position Dr. Metcalfe cites several cases of cure under his personal supervision where not a drop of medicine had been employed. Some of the pneumonia cases he had witnessed had been experienced by men more than eighty years old, and recovery had been brought about by manipulation. The method of manipulation he says is simple. It consists of a firm pressure upon the painful part of the chest by the tips of the fingers, the latter being at the same time made to move the skin in a circular direction within the area of the pressure. The Doctor says that in pneumonia he generally perseveres with this manipulation until expectoration takes this manipulation until expectoration takes place. The information thus contributed ought to prove valuable, if remembered and an application made of it promptly in cases where physicians are remote, where life is staked on prompt action. Even the laity under such circumstances might be able to save life. A Woman Gives Thanks.

New York Recorder. One thing that women ought to be thankful for is that they don't have to shave. I think that this growth of hair on a man's

WORLD'S

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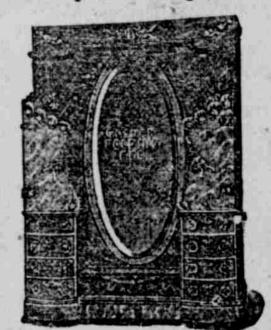
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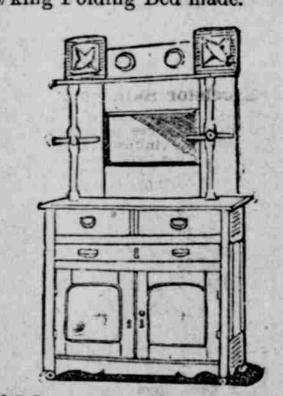
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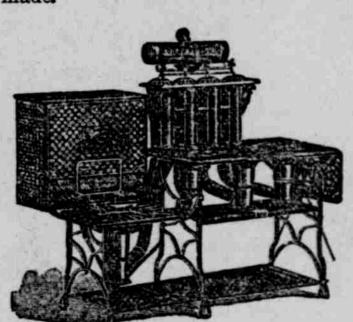
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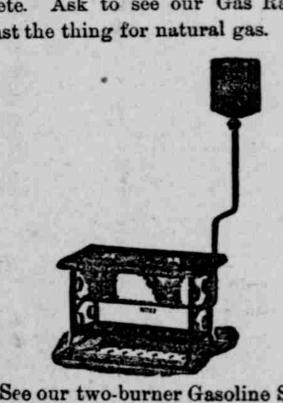
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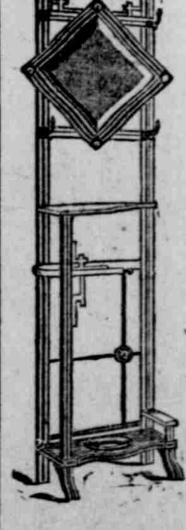
200 samples of Rockers on the floor to select from. We have them Plush Rocker



150 samples to select from. Our buyer in this department has displayed his usual exquisite taste in selecting these goods. We have all grades, from the cheapest to the finest, in Oak, Willow and Bamboo. Upholstered in all shades of blue, green, cardinal, old gold, magenta, old rose, golden brown and ecru. Parasols, lace-trimmed or finished with satin flounces.



100 samples of Refrigerators to select from. All prices. We are sole agents for the Polar Refrigerators. Best there is made.



25 samples of Hall Trees to select from. A good assortment. All styles and prices. Don't miss seeing them.



50 samples Bookcases to select from. We have just received a new line of these goods. Come and set

Wall Paper.

Visit our Wall Paper Department and look through our line. All in all qualities at all prices. New grades of Paper in new and beautiand beautiful goods Don't fail to ful colorings and designs, in perfect Linoleum and Oilcloth in best de- see these lines. Ask to see our \$3 combinations. Come and see us about your wall descritions